# CHRISTIAN REGISTER
## AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1839. NO. 910.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 3.


### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

*For the Register and Observer.*

STANZAS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC. No. 3.

Tune, Eckardtshiem, or Nazareth.

*A Paraphrase of Matth. v. 4.*

Earth and its joys, how false they prove
To those who prize them most!
The pomp and pride, in which they move,
Are oft an empty boast.

Still does the glare of wealth or fame
The unwary heart mislead;
In deep reproach involve the name,
And leave the soul to bleed.

Happy the man, whom Heaven ordains
To tread a path obscure,
Beneath a load of wants and pains,
To joys more safe and sure.

Happy indeed the sons of grief,
In all their grief resigned;
Their night, though dark and chill, is brief,
The dawn shall cheer their mind.

Happy are they, who sow in tears,
For they shall reap in joy:
Triumphant songs in brighter spheres,
Shall be their blessed employ. S. W.

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No. 4.

Tune, Rothwell.

*A Paraphrase of Matth. v. 5.*

Happy the meek in heart and life,
Who stand aloof from war and strife;
Never in arms, or words contend,
To wound a foe, or grieve a friend.

Thoughtful in all they say and do,
Their words are all sincere and true;
Pure and upright in every aim,
They fear to invade to slightest claim.

Ardent they are, when love requires,
But never burn with ruthless fires;
Slow to believe a wrong designed,
Although they meet with things unkind.

God will protect the sons of peace;
Their hearts from grief and fear release;
Quiet within her joys bestow,
And love subdue each outward foe.

All that is best on earth is theirs;
If small their wealth, but few their cares;
Wealth is the same, or great or small;
The man makes all the worth of all.

S. W.

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### HOW TO HAVE POWERFUL PREACHING.

You need not summon into your pulpit any of the renowned divines of the day. If you have been in the habit of saying 'Lo there!' you may give that up. We can save you all the expense of compassing sea and land in search of pulpit eloquence. We think we can set you in the way of giving up your complaining because you do not have powerful preaching.

There is much of this kind of preaching in almost all our communities, and yet many, very many of the people have not yet found it out. If you were to tell some of them there is powerful preaching in their pulpits, they gape with astonishment or sneer with contempt; perhaps both.

'Why we have heard nothing new from our pulpit these twenty years.' Well. 'And we go to meeting expecting a dull sermon.' Very likely. 'And we are drowsy and sleepy, and do sleep.' No question of it. 'And yet you speak of powerful preaching. We must dismiss the present incumbent first.' No: keep him, and do another thing. You shall soon see what.

One long absent is returning to his native shore. His heart is on his home. That small fishing vessel yonder points out the line of the coast, the land bird lighting in the rigging; all these things speak to him of his nearness to his long desired haven. Here comes the pilot, yonder is the lighthouse, and soon the harbor is gained and the distant spires strike the eye. There is great power of appeal in all these things. They contribute to awaken a thousand interesting and tender emotions. In themselves they are of small importance, but they address *a deeply interested heart*. The secret of that power is found in the state of that heart.

You want powerful preaching? To an heart eminently elevated with piety there is solemn eloquence in the very sanctuary, though not a sound of the human voice is there. The preacher may not have great eminence of any kind. But if he utters God's pure and blessed truth, you will have powerful preaching if you will carry to the house of God a deeply interested heart. Let your mind be awake to a sense of eternal things by deep meditation and prayer; make your heart solemn and tender and sensitive by much spiritual converse with God, and there cannot but be life and power in the preached word.

We know of a class of persons who always enjoy that great desideratum, excellent preaching. They seldom hear a lean, dull and unprofitable discourse. To them every preacher that deals faithfully with God's holy word is an eloquent preacher. And the reason is to be found in the well kept state of their hearts. The truth is mighty to a teachable, humble, believing, spiritual mind, whoever preaches it. Such a mind is not occupied with the preacher's dress, tone, emphasis, style, &c. It cares but little for the shell; it wants the kernel. It is God's message that interests that mind, but not the messenger. Ravens brought the hungry prophet his food, and men who have no peculiar eminence may do the same for starving souls. Even coarse fare gladdens the eye of the famishing. Beauty above all gold is given it by the pains of want.

We abjure however, the inference, if any make it, that it matters not how the truth is preached, be it only the truth. We say rather, let all needful care be given to the style of composition, and all the graces of utterance; to every thing that has to do with a speaker's acceptability with those that hear him. Let the speaker not only 'take heed to his doctrine,' but anxiously let him care for the best means of enforcing it. And yet it remains true that preaching, such as we have, has so little power because the heart is so poorly prepared for its reception. We have knowledge of many of the disciples who look thin and say they are starved, and who seem spiritually famished, and who ascribe it all to the fact that they have not powerful preaching in their pulpit. There may be something wrong there. But 'the old story' as they call it, would have surprising freshness and power, if their own spirituality was advanced ten or twenty degrees. Things are not seen clearly when the head is plunged under water, and were these complainants to emerge out of that deep sea of worldliness into which they have sunk, they would see things differently. 'The Doctor is himself again,' said some of the hearers of Dr. Doddridge who had sighed over his supposed declension. But their worldliness had been rebuked and abandoned, and it was this that brought them out of the spiritual twilight in which they had been grovelling. Increase of piety lifts one above the fogs and mists which had enshrined the soul. And we earnestly commend all who sigh for powerful preaching, to see if they cannot find such in their own parishes. If an increase of faith, humility, love of the spirit of prayer, does not give them success, we find our refuge under the belief that they are exceptions to a general rule —*Boston Recorder.*

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(From the Western Messenger.)

### THE NEW BIRTH.

A friend sent us the other day a number of the Western Advocate, Oct. 19., a Methodist paper, published at Cincinnati, containing an editorial article headed 'the New Birth.' The object of the writer of it, is to show that the New Birth is all mystery, and he aims his remarks at the views of this doctrine, taught by 'a vain and half-atheistical theology,' evidently meaning Unitarianism. 'It requires a perfect patience,' he says, 'to bear with men who will have religion to be divested of all mystery, and who account Christianity to be incredible, just so far as it seems mysterious. If Christianity had no mysteries, it would be incredible for the very reason that it had none.' Nature itself, he says, is full of mysteries; a fact which no one, we suppose, disputes. He then proceeds to speak of a sermon he heard from a disciple of this 'vain and half atheistical theology,' which endeavored to make the whole matter of the New Birth plain of comprehension; and explained it to be simply 'the development and perfection of those powers which nature has given us.' We shall only say here, that if the sermon the writer speaks of be the one we suppose he alludes to, he has given a very unfair account of what was said by the preacher. It was said in that discourse that the new birth, or a change of heart was, as the preacher understood it, simply the change from a life of worldliness and sin to a life of holiness, the birth of religious principles, the development and cultivation of the life of God in the Soul, and the habitual control of the lower propensities. The account of the Advocate gives therefore is imperfect, one-sided. The preacher did not say that vice must not be rooted out of the heart and a total revolution commence in the inner man, and the new man be put on—and the soul be given to God. He insisted on all this. He represented the New Birth to be the greatest, and with the mass of mankind the hardest work the soul is called upon to perform. It is no more nor less than turning from the death of sin and darkness to the life of light, religion, spiritual mindedness:—a thorough, total change of heart—not a literal taking out of one heart and substitution of another literal heart in its place, but a change, a revolution, of such a kind, that with the individual thus regenerated, 'all things would become new,' and a new life begun. The preacher did not attempt (as the Advocate says) to show *how* or *whence* the change comes—but only *what* the change is. He did not say 'whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.' He said, the effort must commence voluntarily on our part, and as we strive, so will the needed light and strength be imparted, but he did not attempt to clear up the great mystery of regeneration.

And here we may remark that Unitarian Christianity is entirely misapprehended, if its opponents suppose it attempts to explain away a single mystery of Religion.* It only endeavors to expose the errors and absurdities which have so unhappily crept into the bosom of the Truth as it was in Jesus. It does not war with what is *above* Reason. It bows itself reverently before the gate of the UNSEEN, but it stands up as an armed warrior for the battle, to break down the ranks of Error which it knows to be *seen* and *human*. Mystery is its friend. Absurdity is its foe.

But with regard to this doctrine of the New Birth—the birth of the new life in the soul, we have a word to say to our Methodist brethren, which seems to us to reverse the charge made upon Unitarianism, that it attempts to explain away the Mystery of regeneration, and in reality fixes this charge upon Methodism. Who are they who more than all other sects, make the New Birth a non-mystery? Who are they who undertake to see into the hearts of their brethren, and speculate and decide confidently upon the unrevealable Mysteries written therein—describing every thought and feeling and change taking place within the inscrutable heart of man—noting down all the symptoms and signs of progress or of relapse, of safety or of danger both here and hereafter, as a physician would note the symptoms and signs of a disease or a recovery in his patient? Is it not those who call themselves by the same sect with the editors of the Advocate? It is Methodism which undertakes to know all about the spirit and its mysterious phenomena. It knows at first glance 'whence it cometh and whither it goeth.' The mighty human Heart is all laid bare beneath its professional dissectors. As with surgeon's knife, with stimulant or opiate, they dare to probe and cut and administer their doses, till the victim is fairly as much in their power as is the somnambulist in the power of the magnetizer. Tell them your feelings and they will at once prescribe for you. There is hope for you; there is hope under certain conditions; you must experience just such and such known states of feeling; you must go through a process of excitement, usually in a crowded assembly; you must be able to tell precisely the *when* and the *where* of your having become a new creature; 'whence the spirit cometh and whither it goeth' must all be plain, and no mystery. Are we uncharitable? Who has not read column after column in their religious papers, announcing with utmost confidence what evident manifestations there are at certain times and places, and with certain individuals, of the especial presence of the Spirit? We would not say that these are the legitimate and best results of Methodism, but simply that they indicate a tendency to be avoided, in their modes of religious action. Still less would we wound any individual's feelings by the remarks we have made. We see much good and much truth in Methodism. It has done and will do good. But in its very power and pretensions, it carries, as we think, one of its dangerous tendencies.

As it seems to us, no one but the great Searcher of Hearts can know these deep things of the soul of man. It is only the results that the eye of man can take note of. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit.' As it is only the effects—the manifestations of the viewless wind that the eye can follow, so is it only by its manifestations in the daily life and habits of men that we can track the goings of the Spirit of God moving over the troubled waters of life and mingling with the spirits of his children, and drawing them unto Himself.

It is more by the actions than by the feelings that we must discern the Regeneration of the human soul. We consider a man's deeds the test of his religion. How much better is the blessed sunshine than the convulsive flashes of the lightning, often deceiving by their very brightness, but coming and going out of the empty darkness, and guiding no one safely to his home. We admit that the New Birth may *commence* as by an instantaneous flash, as by a new revelation, on the midnight of the benighted soul, but is this the whole of its work? Is it more than its starting point? Is not all time yea, Eternity before it, and must it not forget the things that are behind, and be always pressing onward to the things that are before? Let not the heart be so deluded as to dream that it is safe, fitted for heaven and the society of the just made perfect, and for the presence of God and of Jesus, merely because it has experienced certain FEELINGS, it matters not of how exalted and singular a character those feelings may be. The work must go on, and on, the *fruits* of the spirit must be seen, and there is no point of time in all the Future, when the spirit is permitted to fold up its shining wings, for its pathway of holiness is from Eternity to Eternity.

C. P. C.

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*See a Sermon on Mystery in Religion—Western Messenger, vol. I, p. 284.

†The Rev. Mr. Taylor, the celebrated Methodist Seaman's Preacher, once told a congregation, to whom he was preaching, that he was going to give them a plain sermon—'it was easy enough,' he said, 'to *galvanise* a congregation, but for his part, he should not attempt it.'

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[From the German of Richter.]

### THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

An old man stood, upon the night of the new year, at his window, and gazed with the look of a fearful despair, up to the immovable, ever glowing heavens, and down to the calm, clear, white earth, upon which there was now no one so friendless and sleepless as he. For his grave lay near by him. It was covered only with the snow of old age, not with the green of youth, and he brought with him out of the rich abundance of his whole life, nothing but errors, sins and infirmities; a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of sorrow.

To-day his beautiful youth-days wandered about him like ghosts, and drew him back to that pleasant morning when his father first placed him on the crossway of life, which leads on the right by the sunny path of virtue in a broad peaceful land, full of light and harvests, and on the left drags down in the mole tracks of vice into a black cavern, full of dropping poison, full of hissing serpents, and dark sultry vapors.

Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and drops of poison upon his tongue; and he knew not where he was.

In despair and unutterable grief, he cried out to the heavens above, 'Give me youth again, oh! Father,—place me on that cross-way again, that I may choose another path. But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw wandering lights dancing among the marshes, and disappearing in the grave yard, and he said—'These are my foolish days.' He saw a star fall from heaven and glimmer in its fall, and vanish on the earth—'I am that,' said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-fangs of remorse struck deeper in their wounds.

His burning imagination pictured before him flying night-phantoms on the roofs,—and the windmill lifted up its arms in a threatening manner to crush him—and a skull still lying in the tomb by degrees assumed his looks. In the midst of this struggle within him, the music for the new year flowed suddenly down from the church tower like a far off chant. His heart softened. He cast his eye around the horizon and over the broad earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blessed men; and he said—'Oh! I also like you might have slept through this first night, with unwet eyes, if I had been willing. Ah, I might be happy my dear parents, if I had followed your precepts.'

In this feverish remembrance of his youth-time, it seemed to him as if the skull, with the features of the tomb, raised itself up. At least, through that superstition which on the new year's night sees the spirits of the future, it became a living youth. He could behold it no longer. He covered his eyes. A thousand scalding tears streamed down and disappeared in the snow. Hopeless and in despair, he yet only sighed in a low voice—'Come back again, oh! youth come back.'

And it came back: for he had only dreamed so fearfully. He was still a young man. His grief alone had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, could turn in the midst of the dark currents of vice, and restore himself to the sunny path that leads into the land of harvests.

Turn back with him, young man, if thou standest in his wandering way. This frightful dream will become in future thy judge. But if ever, full of sorrow, thou should'st cry out—Come again beautiful youth: then will it not come again.—*R. I. Journal.*

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DR CHALMERS ON CHRISTIAN UNION.—In a letter dated Nov. 10th, to a Presbyterian minister in this country, who has kindly permitted us to copy it, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers of Edinburg, thus expresses himself:—*N. Y. Observer.*

'I am very sorry for the adverse circumstances of your church, of which you take notice in your letter to me. We are not without our conflicts and difficulties either. I have been thinking much of late of the stress which our Saviour lays upon Christian unity, (John xvii) I feel very certain, however, that the way to obtain this, is not by giving in to the lordly pretensions of any given church claiming to be the alone true church, but by evangelical Christians of all denominations laying greater stresses on the *principles* in which hey agree, and less on the *points* about which they differ. This union is to be brought about not by the enforcement of authority on the part of an ecclesiastical corporation, but by the growth of light, largeness and charity among all.'

Our readers will be pleased with the catholic spirit of this paragraph. Dr. C. has hit upon the true cure for contentions in the church.

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

### AMERICAN INGRATITUDE AND INCONSISTENCY. NO. I.

(From the papers of the late Noah Worcester, D. D.)

*Events prior to the close of the Revolutionary war.*

Veneration for ancestors is believed to be common to mankind in all countries and not peculiar to the people of the United States. This may be accounted for when it shall have been duly considered that the children of every generation come into the world in a state of total ignorance, and a state of entire dependence on their parents or of others who occasionally supply the place of parents. What can be more natural than that children should imbibe and indulge a veneration for those on whom they are entirely dependent for their acquisitions in knowledge, and for all their means of subsistence and improvement, and especially so for those parents who have been to them truly kind and faithful? Besides a due veneration for parents is a thing of so much importance to the well-being of society and the general welfare of mankind, that God was pleased to enjoin it as the fifth precept of the decalogue. 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' The same duty is enjoined in the New Testament in a different form of words—'Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' To obey 'in the Lord,' is to obey from proper respect to the divine injunction, and to obey parents so far as their precepts are conformable to the requirements and prohibitions of God. When a child has attained so much knowledge that he clearly perceives in a certain case that his parent requires what God forbids, he should obey God rather than man. It hence appears that veneration for parents or ancestors may be indulged to excess, and in a manner which is injurious to the present generation.

Men of every generation have been liable to err. Those of the present generation have generally greater advantages for the improvement of the mind than were possessed by our ancestors, and the people of each succeeding generation, are under obligations to improve the advantages they possess, to correct the errors of their ancestors. It is by calling in question the correctness of the opinions and the usages of ancestors, that improvements are made in society. Whatever is discovered to be wrong in the opinions or practices of our fathers, we should carefully correct. An impartial and just veneration for ancestors will not dispose us to approve or to overlook what was erroneous in their opinions, or immoral in their conduct.

Foreigners have reproached the people of the United States as much addicted to boasting of their achievements in the Revolutionary struggle for liberty—the liberty enjoyed in our country, the freedom of our institutions, the prosperity of our country, and the rapid progress of society in the land. That we have been too much addicted to boasting, will not by me be denied. But I believe this is not a fault peculiar to our people. The same perhaps may be discovered in the people of Great Britain, of France, and other nations. I must however admit that, in view of historical facts, candor and justice must own there are things which must render some of our boastings peculiarly improper and even disgusting to intelligent and reflecting foreigners. It may too be justly said that our praises of Revolutionary ancestors have been too unqualified. The people of that generation like those of the present, were very imperfect beings at the best, and among them there was a great diversity of character,—some virtuous and some vicious, as we now see it to be with their posterity. As I had ancestors in the country at that period it is far from a pleasant task to expose what I regard as errors in the people of that generation. But impartial justice and a due regard to the welfare of the present and future generations, seems to me to require such a statement of facts as has not been very frequently made, and seems to be not generally understood.

It is not doubted that our ancestors of the revolution verily believed that they had just cause for their revolt from the government of Great Britain; nor shall I pretend that they had no just cause of complaint. It may however be perhaps honestly said, that the American colonies were treated with as much kindness and lenity by the British government, as the colonies of any other nation on earth, until near the time of the Revolution. As the time of Revolution drew near, several acts of the British Parliament were opposed by the colonies as unjust; but principally on the ground that the parliament claimed a right to tax us in one form or another, while the colonies were not permitted to send representatives to act as members of that body. Some of the oppressive acts of parliament were repealed, so that when the act laying a duty of three pence a pound on tea was passed, this was for a considerable time the principal, if not the only ground of complaint on the part of the colonies against the British government. But this seemingly trifling ground of complaint was so managed by the passions and prejudices of men, and by irritating measures on both sides, that it was deemed an adequate ground of resistance, insurrection and revolt. Yet what people on earth at that period had not as good ground of complaint against its government as was given by the impolitic and even unjust imposition of three pence a pound on tea? Had not Ireland, had not even the people of England and Scotland far more ground to complain of oppression on the part of their government, than the people of these colonies had on the very day that hostilities commenced? Suppose that our example of revolt had been speedily imitated by every people who had as much reason to complain of oppression as we had, would not nine tenths of mankind have been at the same period involved in the horrors of civil war? I verily believe that such would have been the fact. Yet I do verily believe that a merciful God so over-ruled the events of the American Revolution, as to make it the occasion of great good to these States, and not to us only, but even to Great Britain and several other nations.

The cause pursued by our countrymen subsequent to the Revolution demands particular attention, as evincing great ingratitude and inconsistency. But prior to attending to facts subsequent to the war, we may look at a few things which preceded open hostilities, and some things which were concomitants of the war.

While our ancestors were preparing to throw off their allegiance to Great Britain, what is now called 'Lynch-law or 'Lynch-policy' was adopted in many cases in regard to those who were then called tories—that is, men who hesitated or refused to act in opposition to the British government. Mob Law, or Lynch-law occurred in many parts of the country. In writing or speaking of the mobs by which our country has been disgraced within the last two years, some have been disposed to justify them by referring to the mobs at the commencement of the Revolution. Others have been disposed to make a distinction between the mobs in the two cases; and while they have condemned those of recent date as pernicious, they have justified those of former times as necessary and useful. I was old enough to understand something of the nature and operation of the mobs connected with the Revolution; and in comparing them with the mobs which have recently occurred, I have not been able to discover any essential difference between them, excepting, that the recent mobs have been more sanguinary and murderous than those of former times. This circumstance seems to imply a retrograde march in civilization. It is however to be observed that the recent mobs have been less murderous in the eastern than in the western states. But in my opinion the mob spirit is ever to be disapproved, abhorred and lamented as perfectly opposed to the spirit of Christ and his requirements. Many of the tories were doubtless conscientious and estimable men; and flagrant acts of injustice were done by the mobs of former times as well as by those of recent date. What could have been more reasonable than to expect a difference of opinion in respect to hostile resistance to a government among a people who had been educated with strong attachments to the government against which resistance was about to be made? And what could be more inconsistent than for the professed friends of liberty to mob those who happened to be of a different opinion from themselves on a question which involved such important consequences? But the mob spirit has seldom been known to act with consistency or discretion; and it is much to be lamented that there are any men of rank at this day, who are advocates for the mob spirit and the Lynch-law.

N. WORCESTER.

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LIFE LIKE A BROOK.—I wish I were like this little stream of water.—It takes its rise nearly a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants—it has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirst of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and, agreeably to the deign of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet!—Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow sinners, as I travel onwards! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like this stream may I prove 'the poor man's friend' by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life, wherever I meet them! And, if it please thee, Oh my God! let me in my latter end be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not usefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.—*Richmond.*

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

### THE GENTLE BOY—WITH AN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION.

This exquisite little tale has an appropriateness to these times its author probably never dreamed of;—for we affect to call ourselves of a liberal age. It may be considered a POEM ON TOLERATION. Two fanaticisms, that of the Quakers, and that of the Puritans, play their part in the tale, and meet in the destiny of a little child, whose gentle heart is broken and innocent life destroyed in the conflict. The persecuting sect, as was fitting, appears the worst; but the persecuted sect also, is seen to be wide of the spirit, whose favorite emblem was ever childhood. We know not a stronger appeal for a rational and benignant religion, which shall cherish a beautiful nature, than the silent sufferings of the little Ibrahim; and the analysis of his being is given with an unconscious power on the part of the author, that betokens volumes of rare wisdom from his pen.

Nor is this story which gives so solemn a lesson to the thoughtful among the grown up, unadapted to children. Ibrahim will teach them to reverence the religious associations of others, however they may seem to be wild and fanatical. And ought we not sometimes to present death to children, as a deliverer from the sufferings of life, and a herald of Paradise? Never have we seen the death-bed—(ordinarily so dreaded)—so completely enveloped in 'the dim delightfulness' of the region which the departing soul approximates, while the yearning tenderness of human woe flowing full and free from the maternal gentleness of Dorothy, and bursting out, a long imprisoned torrent—from the wild heart of Catherine, displaces the loneliness of the dark valley of shadows, whose gloom is dissipated indeed as soon as we see that the unsoiled feet of this angelic child, are treading it.

We rejoice in this publication also as making known the author more widely; and creating a greater public demand upon him. A man who could write any one of the TWICE TOLD TALES has no right to be idle, and a public who can read them is bound to be importunate with him for farther revelations of the depths of moral nature, which he weaves with such marvellous grace into his apparently unlabored delineations of our daily human life,—set forth in all its humorous lights and pathetic shadows.

We have left ourselves hardly room to speak of the engraving; in which Andrews has done beautiful justice to the original drawing, except in the face of the boy, which in the drawing was so pathetic and beautiful, we did not believe we could ever see it again. We are glad to learn however that this portion is to be retouched, and that the printing of the edition is delayed for a few days that the public may have the advantage of it. We trust the young artist will be encouraged by its final appearance to go on in her beautiful work and put into 'simple severe lines' more of Mr Hawthorne's exquisite fancies, though we know not the writer who less needs the aid of a kindred art to bring them out to the eye. A.

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### MORSE'S ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

A correspondent of the N. Y. American thus notices the estimation in which this invention is held in Paris.

The Electrical Telegraph of your Professor Morse was, no doubt, been sufficiently made known to the American public. It has particularly engaged the attention, and even the favor of the Institute and Government of France. The scientific reporters of the public journals have noticed it in detail, and with becoming liberality. They do not consider the idea as new; and other Electrical Telegraphs have been announced by French inventors to the Institute, but the system of Professor Morse is likely to prevail, and, ere long, be carried extensively into effect.

Last year, there were, in Paris, five great lines of telegraphs, by which communication was maintained with the extremities of the kingdom. The line of Lille had twenty-two Telegraphs; that of Calais, twenty-seven; of Strasbourg, forty six; of Lyons, fifty; of Brest, eighty. Intelligence was conveyed from Lille to Paris in two minutes; from Calais, in three; from Strasbourg, in six and a half: from Brest, in twelve. I do not know that any addition has been made since to the number. Professor Morse's Intelligencer boasts of the ability to send news round the whole circumference of the earth *seven times in a second*! A whole country or continent is to be so *wired*, that nothing material can happen which shall not instantaneously transpire at any and every point.

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### INOCULATION--RE-VACCINATION.

Some time ago, the Minister of Public Instruction requested the Academy of Medicine to enlighten him on the following points: Whether the preservative virtue of the vaccine matter be not impaired proportionably to the time elapsed from the process of inoculation? 2d. Whether the decrease of efficacy do not render re-vaccination necessary? 3d. Whether it would not be desirable to cause the pupils of all the colleges to be re-vaccinated according to dates, &c.

The Academy solved the three questions in the negative, and begot a controversy which rages in the common newspapers not less than in the medical repositories. Physicians of note immediately addressed protests to the minister, styling the decision of the Academy rash and baneful, and arguing all the points, in the affirmative, by facts and authority, which the Doctors of the Academy are accused of having utterly overlooked or disdained.

M. Dezeimeris has just published a copious memoir, and Dr Gaultier de Claubry a large pamphlet, in favor of re-vaccination. These writers and a crowd of others on the same side, cite numberless cases and opinions drawn from Great Britain, the north of Europe and America; and they finally concur in this general inference, that experience and reason render it an obligation of law to prescribe re-vaccination, and to propagate it with the same zeal as original inoculation. Their special views are—1st. That vaccination loses its preventive power after

some years, so that it no longer prevents small pox from appearing, taking the regular course and proving fatal. 2d. That re-vaccination has the same original power and final decline as vaccination; and that it succeeds the more certainly in proportion as the time is remote at which the patient has had the vaccine disease or the small pox. The question whether the efficacy of the vaccine virus is not materially impaired after frequent transmissions through the human body, has been brought forward in some intersting communication in the London Medical Gazette.—*Parisian correspondent of the N. Y. American.*

*For the Register and Observer.*

LETTERS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS. NO. 1.

*Boston Jan. 8th, 1838.*

Dear friend:—You ask mo to communicate to you from time to time, such new facts, principles or information on Sunday Schools, as may come to my knowledge, and which I may deem of sufficient interest or moment to deserve that attention. I undertake the task with pleasure, because I know that you will anticipate from me nothing but plain statements, practical remarks, or results of the most obvious character. I commence with the New Year, and if the resolutions now formed, are not weakened by the way, you may rely upon an occasional epistle on some topic connected with the interesting subject upon which you have requested me to write. My suburban brother teacher shall have the opportunity to indulge in some of the speculations and feelings which pass through the mind of his metropolitan friend.

On going to my door the other morning, the penny-post placed in my hand, a small package, the envelope of which, covered 'The twentieth annual Report of the superintendents—of the South Parish Sunday School in Portsmouth, N. H.' You can well judge of the thrill which shot through my whole frame as I read these words. The '*twentieth* annual report!' The very word *twentieth*, spoke volumes to my mind, on the permanency of these institutions. A few years ago, and we were seriously doubting and debating among ourselves, whether these were to become a part and parcel, a useful part and parcel of our religious means of instruction;—and while we were debating, lo! they became, as it were, hoary with the frosts of time, and venerable by their associations! For it is with these as with man's life, the number of its years does not constitute its age; but the wisdom and virtues which it has exemplified in itself, or the good of which it has been productive.

The 'South Parish Sunday School in Portsmouth!' This name reminds us that this was among the earliest of those Sunday Schools established in this country, whose object was solely for moral and religious instruction. It was established but as an experiment, and at the end of the first year of its existence they '*Voted That the school be continued another year.*' This was in 1818; and with the exception of one or two, no school of this character was established earlier than 1815, and the germ of this dates back as far as 1812, it having grown out of an association of ladies formed in that year for the management of a week-day Charity School. The Sunday School has since been continued without a vote from year to year, and has exerted an influence to an indefinite extent, not only over its own pupils and the schools in its immediate vicinity, but over other Sunday Schools through the whole length and breadth of our land.

Nathaniel A. Haven Jr. was its first superintendent. And what a clustering of beautiful thoughts and delightful emotions are associated with that name! We may safely say, that to his influence and teachings, we are indebted for all the best principles which characterise our present modes of instruction, and of conducting our schools. The old method of *memoriter* teaching, so generally prevaleat at that time, was early discarded by his influence; and it is truly remarked in this report, that we may trace to an address of his, 'given when Sunday Schools were in their very infancy, the clearest conceptions of what these schools *should* be, and the methods by which alone they can be *made* what they should be,—conceptions which all subsequent experience and observation have confirmed, and to develope and enforce which has been the aim of the wisest and best, who have since made the subject their study.' Get this address, my friend. Study it. you will find it in the 'Remains of N. A. Haven Jr.' a work which should be in every Sunday School Library, and it contains also a letter on the same subject; and with both of these, you cannot be too familiar, if you would be, as you desire, a good Sunday School Teacher. Mr. Haven died in 1826. A beautiful monument has since been erected to his memory in the burial ground at Portsmouth by the contributions of Sunday School Teachers in Roston, Portsmouth, and elsewhere. On one side of it is the following appropriate inscription. He was a disciple of Him who 'took little children in his arms and blessed them.' But I must resume this subject in another letter. * * *

CROMWELL'S CLOCK, ETC.

[*From a letter from Philadelphia, to the Bunker Hill Aurora.*]

This afternoon, instead of leaving this enticing city on our route homeward, accepted an invitation to visit the City Library, in 5th street, near Chestnut. This institution was commenced in 1731, more than a century ago, by the distinguished philosopher, statesman and printer, Benjamin Franklin, and received some of its early and most valuable contributions from the Penn family. In 1835, it contained 43,800 and the number has probably now increased to about fifty thousand volumes.

A marble Statue of Franklin stands over the entrance, chisselled in Italy, and represented to be very correct, in its entire delineation of the outward figure of the original.

The following inscription is on the pedestal:

'This Statue of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
was presented by William Bingham, Esq.
MDCCXCII.

The following lines, composed by A. Wilson, author of American Ornithology, are suspended in the Library, and as it is probably many years since they were in print, we copy them:

'Ye who delight thro' Learning's paths to roam,
Who deign to enter this devoted Dome;
By silent awe and contemplation led,
Survey these labors of the illustrious dead!
The lights of every Age—of every Clime,
The fruits of science and the spoils of time
Stand here arrayed, obedient to your nod,
Here feast your sages, and give thanks to God:
Next, thanks to him, that venerable sage,
His country's boast—the glory of the age—
Immortal Franklin! whose unwearied mind
Still sought out every good for all mankind,
Searched every science, studious still to know,
To make men virtuous, and keep them so
Living, he reared with generous friends, this scene,
And dead, still stands without to welcome in'

1821.

Among the curiosities in the Library, is an old house Clock, called Oliver Cromwell's Clock. The following account is given of it: 'This Clock is said to have been made for and belonged to Oliver Cromwell, the Protector. It was formerly owned by Sam. Hudson of this city. After his death, it was presented to the Library of this city of Philadelphia, by his son, Wm. Hudson. This is believed to be the oldest chronometer in the city, and tradition informs that Samuel Hudson's great grandfather purchased it in England at auction, when the auctioneer told his audience that it had once been in the possession of Oliver Cromwell. No doubt 140 years old in 1804.'

Although auctioneer's stories are not generally to be believed, there may possibly be some truth in this matter. It is considerably smaller than house clocks at the present day—i. e. a few years ago, before they were superceded by the modern timepeice,—and has a most ancient appearance. The case is made of mahogany, with brass dial plate and steel hands. The works are of brass and steel, with small glass panes in the sides exposing them to view. On the face is this mark of the marker: 'Johannes Fromantech, Londini, fecit.' It is a very respectable remnant of the Protector's times, and continues to this day to measure the hours, and we believe the days of the month, with remarkable exactitude.

# CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 19, 1839.

## THE CONDITION OF UNITARIANISM.

*A chapter of hasty thoughts, for which nobody is responsible but the individual who expresses them, and which, if anybody else will disprove to-morrow, he will readily take back the day after.*

A favorite and fruitful theme for discussion and speculation in the religious community at the present time, is the condition and tendencies of Unitarianism.

It seems to be taken for granted by many, that, in the course of these two or three latter years, certain developments have been made (through the instrumentality of several controversial articles which have appeared in one or two Newspapers—occasioned, in the first instance, by remarks on the value of miracles as evidences of Christianity, which appeared in the Christian Examiner; in the second, by an Address to a graduating class of the Theological school at Cambridge; again, by opinions advanced at sundry times in the Western Messinger, and, lastly, by an unworthy editorial article in this paper, relating to the author of the Address just alluded to—) of a state of opinion and feeling in the Unitarian community that is indicative of disease, weakness, and disaffection amongst its members, and strongly symptomatic of a dismemberment of the party, as it is called.

It is, indeed, confidently prognosticated—although not now for the first time—on the part of the knowing ones of other denominations, that this, our deluded sect is destined by and by, to be broken in sunder—one large mass of its fragments lapsing speedily into the cold and horrible abyss of Infidelity, and the remainder rising to the illuminated and sunny mount of Orthodoxy.

We believe, however, that it is not yet fully agreed upon amongst the prophets, which of the two great parties into which it is supposed to be clearly ascertained that the body will separate, is to go up, and which to go down—some affirming that those who, by the strangest classification in the world, are grouped together into what is technically called the *Transcendental School*—with the writer of the Address aforenamed at their head and the Editor of the Christian Register, for ought we know to the contrary, bringing up the rear—are marked for the pit; and some on the other hand, maintaining, with a writer in the last Boston Recorder, that the *other* is the downhill party, while the Author of the Address is fast mounting upward to the region of safety, which he has even now well nigh attained.

But prognostications of this sort have not come from the Orthodox alone. Even amongst those who are ranked as Unitarians, there has been no lack of melancholy forebodings. Here too, many are anticipating a fearful crisis in our affairs. Several attempts at panic-making are fresh in the memory of all. Some good men have even gone so far as to begin their calculations as to precisely where the lines of separation may be most conveniently drawn, when the time for division shall have fully come. Nay, some have gone still farther, and proclaimed that the Rubicon is already passed, and that there is no longer any Unitarian party; that that name, which once, had a noble and beautiful meaning, has come at length, to be so misapplied, and to be assumed by such a motley and unmannerly multitude, that it is no longer fit for a respectable Christian to bear.

But, for one, notwithstanding all that we have as yet heard of abuse and woful prophecying on the part of the declared opposers of Unitarian sentiments, and of lamentation, ridicule and recrimination from their supposed advocates, we have not been brought to feel any degree of trepidation, or dissatisfaction. We can see nothing in the past or present condition of the Unitarian community that might not have been anticipated, from the first hour of its connexion; nothing that is to be greatly deplored; and still less, anything to create one sentiment of disgust, or to make any honest man ashamed of having his name enrolled amongst its members.

It is true that strange speculations have been indulged in by individuals who call themselves Unitarians. But, could any reasonable man have expected, or even desired that no extraordinary notions should be broached, that no Liberal Christian should think for himself, and freely express his convictions? It is true that doctrines may have been promulgated that appear to some heretical, infidel, and even atheistical. But, was it to be expected, or even desired that every Unitarian should adopt precisely the views of the majority, or of the most learned few, and precisely their modes of presenting them? It is true that grievous errors may have crept into the productions of a few writers for Unitarian periodicals. But, who, to prevent this, would have established a stern censorship of our press; or, because such an event has occurred, condemn, if his wish could do it—all these periodicals to infamy, or give them over to the adversaries of the truth? It is true that some men have embraced Unitarian *principles*, who have departed widely from the platform of doctrines that has been wont to be regarded as at the foundation of the Unitarian's faith. But, for this, shall we be ashamed or afraid of those principles, or hastily conclude that the denomination is going to ruin, and that errors are overwhelming us like a flood?

For once, we never felt it to be an honor and a privilege to profess our allegiance to the great principles and distinctive doctrines which are still implied in the name of Unitarian, one half so much as at the present hour. And for the very reason, that this name is clearly seen to be not the appellation of any *consolidated* sect, fashioned after the will of a few Theologians, and obedient to tests—but of a continually increasing company of independent, active minds, applying themselves earnestly to the study and confirmation of Christian truth, each for itself and in its own way. Moreover, we have the very best authority for believing that the Unitarian community, as a whole, never was in so healthy a condition, or so closely united, in love and freedom, as at this very hour.

But let men speculate and bode as they may, it is not an easy thing to break up or to divide the Unitarian body. It is impossible to produce any lines of division that shall practically answer for such a purpose, or abide. The great principles which constitute the bond and life of the liberal party cannot be sundered; nor can those who earnestly hold to them be kept apart. They are virtually one, let them speculate as they will. If a few congregate and establish their tests, and separate from the remainder, they may perhaps get on very quietly and respectability, for a little while, and have no dogs nor sorcerers to molest them—but they will not be the Unitarian body—the once honored name will not revive with them. The instant they circumscribe themselves, they are Unitarians no more. That body remains, still undivided, and will live on and increase, and follow out its principles, as if their secession had not been.

## THE TRUE METHOD OF PREACHING.

The following Statute of King Charles the Second, directed to one of the Universities, assigns a curious reason for the commencement of the practice of *reading* sermons, and shows in what regard that practice was held in his day. We cannot but think that the Royal notion upon the subject is more than half right.

'Vice Chancellor and Gentlemen:

'Whereas, His Majesty is informed, that the practice of reading sermons is generally taken up by the preachers before the University, and therefore continues even before himself; His Majesty hath commanded me to signify to you his pleasure, that the said practice, which took its beginning from the disorders of the late times, be wholly laid aside, and that the said preachers deliver their sermons, both in Latin and English, by *memory*, without book, as being a way of preaching which His Majesty judgeth most agreeable to the law of foreign churches, —to the custom of the university heretofore,— and to *the nature of that holy exercise*. And that His Majesty's commands in these premises may be duly regarded and observed, his further pleasure is, that the names of all such ecclesiastical persons as shall continue *the present supine and slothful way of preaching*, be, from time to time, signified to me by the Vice Chancellor for the said time being, on pain of His Majesty's displeasure.

'*London, October* 3, 1674.

'MONMOUTH.'

## ORDINATION AT NEW-YORK.

The following was the order of services at the ordination of Mr. Henry W. Bellows, as Pastor of the society of the first Congregational Church in New-York, on Wednesday, the 2d of January, 1839.

1. Voluntary; 2. Anthem; 3. Introductory Prayer; 4. Hymn; 5. Sermon, by the Rev. E. Peabody of New-Bedford; 6. Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia; 7. Hymn, written for the occasion; 8. Charge, by the Rev. William Ware; 9. right hand of fellowship, by the Rev. Orville Dewey; 10. Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. F. W. Holland; 11. Concluding anthem; 12. Benediction.

## GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR.

We gather from the monthly record of the last number of the Western Messenger, (which by the way, is a brilliant number) the following interesting intelligence in regard to the state of Unitarian Societies in the West.

At Cincinnati, William H. Channing is now supplying the pulpit and will probably remain as the permanent Pastor. 'Means have been found of defraying the debt of the Society. The Sunday School also, which had fallen into neglect, has been recommenced with forty pupils and thirteen teachers on the first Sabbath. It is also the intention of this Society to establish a Ministry at large in the city, in which we hope they will receive assistance from the East.'

*Syracuse, N. Y.*—Brother Clarke says, 'We had the pleasure of addressing this young but zealous and increasing Society on the evening of the Lord's day, Nov. 11th. We found the school-house where they worship filled full with a highly respectable and attentive congregation. Brother Babbige was supplying the pulpit and had preached twice already on the same day. The next morning, we saw the frame of a meeting-house which this "go ahead," society are erecting. God speed them!'

*Lockport, N. Y.*—'The Unitarians of this place are awake, and determined to have a Church established. They have preaching by Mr Barrett, late of the Theological School, at Cambridge, who has succeeded in exciting a deep interest in this community as well as in other places.'

Societies are forming and formed also in Cleveland, Chicago, Toledo and Detroit.—They want *men* only to carry them on.

*St. Louis.*—'The Unitarian Church, and Sunday School here are increasing. The latter was commenced last spring, and now numbers over fifty scholars. There is not a more flourishing society in the West, considering its age, and the obstacles overcome, than this. We wish its devoted pastor God speed.'

## ANASTONISHING FACT.

The Advocate of Peace in enumerating the Auxiliaries of the good cause in which it is engaged, mentions the following viz; Pecuniary Bonds of Peace: 2. Commerce; 3. Domestic Industry; 4. Travel; 5. Steam power; 6. Christian intercourse. Other important auxiliaries might have been mentioned to swell this catalogue.

We alluded to the article however, merely for the purpose of noticing a fact which is stated in the course of it that, at the first glance seemed to us almost beyond credence. It is this, that the amount of American Stocks held by Foreigners, chiefly by English Capitalists probably exceeds *two hundred millions of dollars*. The State of Massachusetts has recently issued or authorized Scrip, no small part of which is already in the London market, to the amount three millions six hundred and forty thousand dollars.

## ENQUIRING OF THE FATHERS.

This is the title of two excellent Discourses preached in the New North Church, on Lord's Day, December 9th, on the completion of the 124th year from the establishment of the church and of the 25th year since the settlement of the present pastor. By Francis Parkman, D. D.

Our readers will be interested by the following extracts.

CHARACTER OF JOHN ELIOT D. D.

Dr. Eliot was of the few whom all men loved. And this is rather to be mentioned, because he united the gentleness that attracted affection, with a remarkable honesty and simplicity of utterance. To a degree beyond most men, characterised as was he by the amiable and kind, did he use plainness of speech. His judgment of character, always considerate, was also discriminating. He was not of those, who through a false candor or fear of displeasure confound moral distinctions. He was accustomed to call persons as well as things, by their proper names. Yet such confidence was there in the kindness and child-like simplicity of his heart, that his was the rare felicity of making the plainest seem also the kindest utterance. I have never heard of an instance in which he gave offence: or if for a moment it seemed to be given, it was as quickly obliterated in the certainty that the design was friendly, and, what was especially to the purpose, that the judgement was true.

Of this sound discrimination of character, he has given examples in that valuable work, 'Biographical Dictionary,' the most important of his publications, in which he has sketched with a masterly hand, the characters of various individuals, particularly of some whose public course, political or ecclesiastical, divided the opinions of their contemporaries. From the accuracy of his delineations, and the impartiality of his judgments, it were seldom safe to appeal.

For Dr. Eliot has been claimed, by one who cherishes for him an enthusiastic fondness, distinguished praise 'as a good scholar and a ripe one.' And by another of his warm admirers, he has been designated as the 'Jortin of America.' He was a reader of the Roman classics to his death. In accurate and discriminating acquaintance with the history and biography of his own country, he has few his equals, and perhaps no superior.

But he never permitted his love of letters, or devotion to favorite pursuits of any kind, to divert him from the faithful discharge of professional duty. He was a diligent writer of sermons; and though as a preacher, not distinguished as was his father, for popular or commanding gifts, and from the native delicacy and modesty of his mind, shrinking instinctively from every art of exhibition or display, which none were quicker to discern, and none could with sweeter grace ridicule in others—yet to the serious and judicious he could have been no otherwise than acceptable. As a pastor, he was excelled by none, eminently devoted to the flock, being unto them always as a father and a brother. Notwithstanding his habits of study, and the number of his literary as well as professional avocations—for which he usually redeemed his mornings—he was often found with the families and at the firesides of his people. In truth, he gave more of his time to pastoral intercourse, than was then customary with his brethren, or which would be possible—I am not sure it would be expedient—to a young clergyman, who had not attained to his experience, or had not with equal fidelity improved his years of preparation for the labors of his pulpit.

Dr. Eliot retained to his death, the manners and costume of the old school, which, but in a few cherished exceptions, had now quite disappeared. They were in unison with the natural politeness of his heart, and with that sentiment of respect, which it was one of the salutary influences of his early education to inspire, for whatever was good and venerable, and which, in turn, he conciliated for himself. In simplicity and sincerity, he had his conversation in the world. He has long since been joined with them who see God, the pure and the just made perfect. But his image, my elder hearers, is still familiar to your recollections, and his memory, I know, is embalmed in your hearts.

THE LAST TWENTY FIVE YEARS.

And here it may be safely asserted, that the last twenty-five years have been fruitful beyond all former precedent, in enterprises of piety and benevolence. A vast machinery, curiously formed and wonderfully complicated, has been set in motion for the physical, social, moral, and spiritual improvement of the world. If to these twenty-five years we add the thirteen that preceded them, embracing thus all that belong to the nineteenth century, they will include the beginnings of almost all those associations, religious and philanthropic, which at the present moment are in most active operation. I do not mean that before this passing century, such associations were not known. On the contrary, both within our own country and Great Britain many admirable institutions did exist, the fruit of Christian charity, which for wisdom in the design, for fidelity and usefulness in their administration, have not since been surpassed. Many of these, however, have been merged in the wider and all-embracing schemes, by which associations at the present day are characterised. Countless are the institutions which, from the formation in 1804, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of kindred societies soon after in our own country, have been established. Their name is Legion. Time would fail me to utter what has been purposed and accomplished, in the name and for the sake of Freedom, Temperance, Peace; in the great cause of Education, for the suppression of vice, for the abolition of Slavery, for the conversion of the Heathen, for relief of the maladies and supply of the wants both of body and soul. On many of these institutions, the blessed fruit, I repeat, of that gospel, which teaches that we are alike the children of a common Father, and speaks peace in Christ Jesus, God has been pleased to command the manifest tokens of his favor. Let our souls praise Him for the spirit of piety and phianthropy, which under his guidance prompted them, for the good they have already accomplished, and for all the good we may hope they are still destined to accomplish. We may count it an honor, my Christian friends, if by any efforts of our own, however small, we have enjoyed the opportunity of advancing these objects, and of thus becoming fellow-workers with God, in blessing his children. Let our prayers ascend ever with our alms, and let it be our hearts' desire, that on the sacred cause of truth, and freedom, and humanity; on our schools and our churches, especially on our Sunday Schools, and our ministries for the Poor, which are among the choicest fruits of the prevailing charity of the day, the dew of God's blessing may continually descend.

If of some other schemes of philanthropy, not to be overlooked among the teeming inventions of the day, we are constrained to admire somewhat more the zeal than the excellent judgment, and as the best expression of our good will can only wish for them the guidance of that wisdom, which dwelleth with discretion, still will we not cease to trust, that they shall issue in good; that by attention excited to the objects they propose, and by a just estimate of the means through which we may hope their accomplishment, He from whom all just counsels and good works proceed, will cause, that the interests of humanity and virtue may be finally advanced.

If, too, in the course of my ministrations I have not been studious to urge upon your attention these multiplying projects of the times, and may have seemed to some even deficient in a zeal, which in others glows with so bright a flame, I must ask with an apostle to be forgiven this wrong, which has come, not, I trust, from indifference, or worldly policy, or fear, but from some honest convictions, that there were objects of higher moment, better to command our affections. True it is, I have not sought to enlist your zeal in some of the passing excitements of the day, because beyond them all, and above them all, I have counted the ministry of the gospel of Christ Jesus. And while according to my measure, amidst whatever of weakness or error, I have sought to exhibit the great things of God's law, and have reasoned of righteousness, of temperance, and a judgment to come, I have been unwilling to neglect the greater in any pursuit of the less.

It is recorded, as you know, of one of those ancient worthies, whose examples are written for our instruction, that when engaged in an important work, and invited of certain of his countrymen to attend a meeting 'in some one of the villages in the plain of Ono,' he sent messengers unto them, saying, 'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?' 'And though,' it is added, 'they sent unto me four times after this sort, I answered them still after the same manner.' Nehemiah vi. 2. I have counted that this example of the Jewish Governor of faithful devotion to his own work, might well be imitated by us of these later days; who though not called to the same arduous duties as were his, might show the same fidelity in our own. And if we, my Christian brethren, would maintain the institutions of our holy religion in their simplicity and efficacy, let us keep them separate from the passing excitements of the day. Let us not presume to mingle the unchangeable truths of God, with the doubtful theories or devices of men. The gospel of Christ Jesus is destined to survive the changes of time. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God abideth forever.

The number of students in several of the principal colleges in the United States is stated in the last number of the Journal of Education as follows:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—The number of students in the University, is 396, in the Divinity school 19; in the Law School 78; in the Medical College, 82; Undergraduates, 217; Seniors, 73; Juinors, 44; Sophomores, 54; Freshmen, 55; Resident Graduates, 2; and University student, 1.

YALE COLLEGE.—In the Theological school are 74; in the Law school, 32; in the Medical college, 46; of the Undergraduates, 411; Seniors, 95; Juniors, 102; Sophomores, 106; Freshmen, 108; Total 559.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The number of Undergraduates is, in the Senior class, 61; Junior, 56; Sophomore, 83; Freshmen, 101; Total, 301. The number of Medical Professors, is 6; and of students, 78.

AMHERST COLLEGE.—The recently published catalogue of this institution, gives in the list of students, 3 Resident Graduates 57 Seniors; 48 Juniors,; 47 Sophomores; 37 Freshmen. Total 192.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—The catalogue gives, Seniors 37; Juniors 31; Sophomores 38; Freshmen 29; Total 135.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.—Contains 102 Students, 34 pursuing the studies of the first year; 25 of the second; 20, of the third; and 23, of the fourth.

ALLEGHANY COLLEGE.—This College contains 173 Students. Seniors 8; Juniors 11; Sophomores, 22; Freshmen 66; and in the preparatory department 66. The number properly members of college, is of course 107.

## BISHOP CHASE'S COLLEGE.

This College is to be located in Peoria county, Illinois. We have seen it stated in a Southern paper that the Bishop purchased at the Government sales of public land in December, 1,500 acres in that county, with the funds he obtained in England, and has purchased a farm for his own residence (Robin's Nest) in the same vicinity. The Institution is to be called Jubilee College—being the consummation of seven years effort. He supposes the income of the lands will ultimately prove an abundant endowment for the projected seminary.

## NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We learn that the Trustees of the Public School Society have published an address to the Public, stating the deplorable fact that there are nearly twenty thousand indigent chidren, whose parents will not take the trouble to have them taught to read or write. So reluctant are many vicious and degraded parents to have their children educated, that the Common Council seriously entertain the plan, of not bestowing their charities on those who will not have their children taught.

N.B. We would expunge the 'Shower Bath' if we could. It came in through mistake.

The article on our first page, headed 'American Ingratitude and Inconsistency,' is one of a number of papers prepared for publication by the late venerable Dr. Noah Worcester, shortly before his decease, several of which have been placed in our hands with a particular request from esteemed friends that they may appear in the columns of the Register. Our readers will at once recognize the peculiar style and sentiments of that venerable man—that true-hearted lover of humanity. If, while he was living, we did not feel, either the desire or the right to reject his communications, merely because their tone might not be particularly agreeable to all our readers, still less are we willing now that he is dead, to refuse his spirit permission yet to speak. Some of the Manuscripts which have been offered us are not, however, suitable for our paper; and, as we do not think he would himself have sent them to the Register, had he lived, and as we should, if he had offered them, respectfully have given him solid reasons for declining to publish them, we feel it both right and proper to decline giving them insertion now. They will, however, without a doubt, appear, shortly, in another paper, for which they are more particularly adapted, and to whose Editor they will be immediately forwarded, according to the request—in case we should not use them—of the gentleman wh offered them to us.

It seems almost superfluous for us to state again—after having alluded to the subject several times—that we do not feel ourselves under any obligation to take any notice of *anonymous* communications. Notices of Books are occasionally sent us, dealing in wholesale and extravagant commendations, and leaving us altogether in the dark as to the names of their writers. These we invariably and from principle reject. If writers have not sufficient confidence in us to send their names, or have any sinister motives in concealing them, they cannot expect us to pay much respect to their communications, and still less to be their tools.

(From our Correspondent at Washington.)

No. IX.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 5th, 1838.

## SMITHSONIAN BEQUEST.

Mr Editor,—Among the few documents printed for the use of the House of Representatives, that upon the Smithsonian bequest is one of the most interesting and important. It consists chiefly of letters from several distinguished men, to whom the Secretary of State addressed a circular last summer, requesting their opinions 'as to the mode of applying the proceeds of the bequest, which shall be likely at once to meet the wishes of the testator, and prove most advantageous to mankind.' Several of the gentlemen addressed, do not appear to have responded; but answers returned are not a little dissimilar and present a curious subject of contrast.

The first two letters are from J. Q. Adams. He seems to have interested himself more than any other person in this question, and is decidedly in favor of appropriating the bequest to the establishment of a national observatory; a scheme which has long been a favorite with him. He recommends that it be safely invested and kept as a permanent fund, *unimpaired*. In his first letter he says, 'I think that no part of the money should be applied to the endowment of any school, college, university, or ecclesiastical establishment; to no institution for the education of youth, for that is a sacred obligation binding upon the people of this union themselves, at their own expense and charge, and for which it would be unworthy of them to ac-

cept an eleemosynary donation from any foreigner whomsoever.' After stating that he had suggested before to the President an annual course of lectures on the principal sciences, he proceeds; 'the great object of my solicitude would be to guard against the canker of almost all charitable foundations—jobbing for parasites and sops for hungry incapacity.' In the second letter he goes on to recommend in strong and eloquent language, in preference to other appropriations, the establishment of an observatory, and to state now in detail his principles for this disposal of the funds.

The next letter in order is from President Wayland. He thinks that in this country there is no need of *collegiate* education properly so called, and that professional schools will be established in different sections of the country and by different sects: consequently the proper place to be occupied by the contemplated institute would be between the close of a collegiate and the commencement of a professional education, having for its object to carry forward the system of our colleges, and to give instruction in the broad and philosophical principles of a professional education. Various advantages would accrue from such an institution. It would raise the standard of education, and especially would it furnish teachers, professors, and officers of every grade for all our other institutions. He then proceeds to speak of the organization of such an institution, and of the distribution of the funds.

The next letter is a very brief one from Dr Cooper of S. C., and curious it is. He recommends an institution resembling an university: but believing there are some constitutional difficulties in the way, he suggests that they may be evaded by making over the donation to the Corporation of Georgetown. The arrangements he proposes are singularly unique, not to say inconsistent. One would suppose he had in view to maintain his character for singularity, or at least to create one for originality. He would exclude 'all *belles lettres* and philosophical literature,' also medicine and law, ethics and politics, the two last being 'as yet unsettled branches of knowledge.' As to physiology and political economy, he is doubtful. These sweeping exclusions are based upon the dictum, that 'public education should be useful, not ornamental.'

The next letter is from Richard Rush. He professes merely to advance with great diffidence a very general outline. But as his letter is very long I cannot now enter minutely into its details. He proposes to make the officers and ministers of the U. S. contributors to the objects of this institution. He seems to have in view something of the nature of the French Academies for literature, science, natural history &c. Combined with such an institute he would have lectureships on the leading branches of physical and moral science, particularly one to be dedicated to government and public law. He would have a printing press connected with it, for publishing communications and lectures. He seems to be emulous of the Bridgewater Treatises.

The last letter is from President Chapin of Columbian College, D. C. He seems to coincide to a certain extent with President Wayland, thinking that the donor, Mr S. had in view some of the modern institutes and universities of Europe whose object is to advance their students to the highest grades of learning, and thus give them the power of enlarging the boundaries of knowledge by fresh discoveries and investigations. In one respect he has decidedly the advantage of President Wayland. He proposes to commit the superintendence of the institution to a board of commissioners, who shall be appointed by gentlemen to hold their officers during good behavior, with power to perpetuate their own existence. 'In this way,' says he, 'the institution would not only be free from the evils of frequent changes and political agitations, but would secure to itself in the highest degree the benefits of personal obligation.'

To go farther into an examination of this document would occupy too much time. The first remark that occurs to the reader is the dissimilarity of views in relation to this subject, a proof that the final adoption of any specific plan ought to be made with extreme deliberation. Nothing will be gained, on the contrary, much may be lost by hurrying to a conclusion. It would be no ground of censure upon our government, if it should delay in coming to a decision. The vague and general terms of the bequest would afford a sufficient justification. Of the plans proposed, that of President Wayland appears to me on the whole the most eligible. It is doubtless susceptible of many changes and improvements. But I must confess, that I should not hesitate in adopting the recommendation of Mr Adams, did I not think it inconsistent with the intentions of the testator. I believe it would in fact do more to benefit mankind at large, than either of the other plans. The funds are in danger of being wasted in the attempt to found a large and expensive institution. There is a want of simplicity and entireness in most of the plans suggested, which cannot be alledged against Mr A's. That having one definite end in view, and his scheme being clearly and judiciously defined, would be more likely to accomplish important results, and in so doing reflect honor upon the nation and prove serviceable to the world. But I think Mr A. at fault when he says, it would be disreputable in us to receive from a stranger a foundation for a college, yet not so for the purpose he proposes. If 'it would be unworthy of the people of this union to accept an eleemosynary donation for the education of youth,' would it be less so to accept one for the establishment of an institution 'which, for many years he has believed the national character of our country demanded of us, as a debt of honor to the cause of science and to the world of civilized man?'

The diversities and discordances of opinion existing on this subject induce me to hope, that no decision will be immediately taken upon it. More time should be taken for inquiry. As members are called upon for their opinions, new views will constantly arise, and out of the whole, perhaps, some plan may be matured, which will be more likely to satisfy the public. Several other schemes have already been started, particularly one for an agricultural institution, an account of which has been published in the papers. Another anonymous writer has come out proposing a college or university having more particularly in view the interests of this District. There is no doubt but that a strong desire exists among the inhabitants of the district, that their benefit should be kept closely in view. Now, I for one, protest against its being made a merely local institution. I contend that such limited views would be wholly at variance with Mr Smithson's design. The people of this district would of course derive a special advantage from the establishment of such an institution here; but to consult their wishes before all others would be to wrong the nation at large. It is for this reason more particularly, that I hope the government will take ample time to deliberate. Only let the fund be safely invested, as Mr Adams suggests, and if interest does accumulate it will be no disadvantage; for, as has been said, ten times the sum might be profitably expended upon so grand an establishment.

Your friend, VIATOR.

(From our Correspondent at Washington.)

No. X.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12th, 1839.

Jan. 7th,—In the Senate, the bill for graduating and reducing the price of the public lands, was the subject of debate. In the House the day was given to petitions, many of which were abolition, amongst others was one presented by J. Q. A. for inquiring into the pedigrees of the members, and ejecting such as had any African blood in their composition. The House, by a large majority refused to receive it on the ground of its being disrespectful. Petitions of this nature now excite little attention. Mr Adams occasionally calls forth a warm and angry discussion, utterly useless, however, though consuming much valuable time.

Jan. 8th. The graduation bill, being the special order of the day, occupied the Senate, after it had dissipated considerable private business. In the House there was a short but warm debate as to the reports of the Committee of Ways and Means, it being suggested that reports were sometimes made in favor of measures to which the majority were opposed. The Swartwout defalcations next came up, and were warmly discussed.

Jan. 9th. In the Senate, the graduation bill was farther discussed by Mr Merrick. In the House there was a warm debate on the Swartwout defalcations in which Messrs. Bond, Taylor and Thomas of Maryland, took part.

Jan. 10th. The Senate to-day presented an interesting scene. During the morning hour, Mr Robbins of R. I. offered a joint resolution relating to the Smithsonian bequest, and urged the resolution in a speech of considerable length and great eloquence. I had been informed, that he did not often trouble the Senate with a set speech, but when he did the senators would gather round him and listen with great attention. Such was the case on the present occasion. He is one of the oldest, if not the oldest in the Senate, and his enunciation possesses so much of the indistinctness of age, as to render it difficult to hear distinctly all he says. But his manner was mild and persuasive, and his words fell upon the ear like a Nestor's. Mr Preston followed, and complimented his venerable friend for the part he had taken in relation to this bequest. He said that he rejoiced to escape for a time from the fierce struggles of political warfare, in which they had been so long and constantly involved, and repose upon the green spot which the gentleman had opened before them. One suggestion from Mr Robbins I was pleased to hear, that the government should add to this donation a sum, sufficient to carry into full effect the noble intentions of the donor, and to satisfy the expectations which have been formed of the proposed institute throughout the country.

Mr Clay's amendment to the graduation bill afterwards came up, in which he introduced the bill he had formerly proposed without success, and which provided for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the several states. His speech was confined, for the most part, to a plain exposition of the provisions of the amendment; but it was lost, as the dominant party are now looking to these lands as a source of revenue. In the course of his speech Mr C. made a surprising confession. When Gen. Jackson was in office, he brought forward his famous act of distribution, an act which met with great favor in both Houses, but was opposed by the President. So desirous was he that the bill should pass, that he requested one of the senators from Tennessee, (he himself not being at that time on very intimate terms with the President,) to carry the bill to the President, and say to him, that if he would withdraw his opposition to the bill, he, Mr C. would immediately retire from public life, and would never suffer himself to be drawn from his retirement by any considerations whatsoever. During this confession senators listened with profound attention; and when it was finished each man looked at his neighbor with an expression of face which said, this is a strange avowal.

The House was occupied for the most part with the navy bills, on which a hot debate sprung up, the North proposing an amendment for building a dry dock at Philadelphia, the South wishing to have it located at Pensacola.

Jan. 11th. The Senate were again occupied with the graduation bill; and the House with the navy bills. During the morning hour Mr Wise's resolutions for printing 20,000 extra copies of certain documents relating to the defalcations was passed, after having caused a debate, protracted through several sittings, and which has probably cost a sum bearing a large proportion to the expense of printing these documents.

Jan. 12th. This day has been exceedingly dry. The House has been occupied all day, and is still occupied with bills of a private or local nature. The House, though disposed, as heretofore, to talk a good deal, have set themselves to urge forward these private matters. The Senate did not sit to day. They have despatched their business so fast, that they can afford a holiday.

The weather has been remarkably warm for the last two days. Yesterday the thermometer stood at 60 degrees, to day at 65. Last night we had a fine warm shower, and altogether the weather resembles tha finest of April weather in Massachusetts. Indeed people are on all sides complaining of the oppressiveness of the heat.

Yours, VIATOR.

P. S. A blue robin was seen to day; people begin to think that the severity of winter is over.

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N. B. We solicit the indulgence of the authors of two or three valuable communications. All our space was altogether occupied so early, that it has proved absolutely impossible to insert their articles this week.

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We have prepared a notice of Rev Mr. Grays Address on the Prevention of Pauperism, &c, which we are disappointed to be obliged to defer.

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ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, etc.

THE WESLEYAN CENTENARY. On the 7th of November, a meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist preachers and laymen was held at Manchester, England, and was continued for three days, for the purpose of devising a plan for celebrating the centenary of Methodism, the present year. At this meeting there was present seven ex presidents of the conference, viz: the Revs Richard Reese, J. Entwistle, Geo. Morley, Geo. Marten, Dr Bunting, J. Taylor and E. Grindrod, and about two hundred and fifty other ministers and gentlemen connected with societies in London, Manchester, Salford, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, Newcastle, Hull, York, Dublin, &c. The sum of *forty-five thousand pounds* was subscribed: about *two hundred thousand dollars*. Other meetings are to be held in different parts of Great Britain, and the total amount will probably reach £80,000. At the meeting many resolutions were adopted, and many good speeches were made, both by the clergy and laity. The centenary is to be celebrated by solemn public services in 'all the chapels, both at home and abroad.' It has resolved, 'that the money collected as a 'thank offering,' be appropriated to the erection and preparation of suitable premises for the accommodation of students of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.' It is expected that a larger sum will be raised than will be required for the purposes above named, and in that case the residue will be appropriated to the purchase of a mission ship for forwarding missionaries, stores, &c from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land to the mission stations in New Zealand, and Friendly Islands, Fegee Islands, and other Polynesian groups. The subscriptions are made payable in three annual instalments. The time fixed for the celebration in Liverpool is some day during the session of the next conference, which will be holden in that city, when some five hundred clergymen will be present, and in all other places where there is a Wesleyan society, the fixed day is Friday, the 25th of October. We have before us all the proceedings of this great meeting at Manchester. The speeches were full of interest, particularly those of Doctor Bunting and Thomas Farmer. The latter concluded a long speech with the following interesting sentence: 'I approve of the whole appropriation clause. I should not like to fix the minimum of the amount to be raised at less than £60,000. I think we may realize £100,000, and before I sit down, permit me, Mr chairman, to put down my name for one thousand pounds.' Mr Adam Cealey followed, and after a spirited address, remarked that as the representative of his mother, he begged also to subscribe one thousand pounds. Mr R. Chappell, followed with the like sum. Mr James Hargreaves, of Leeds, put down one thousand pounds. The next speaker was Mr Thomas Sands, formerly of this city. After this gentleman had concluded a very animated speech, approving the proceedings of the meeting, the following colloquy took place between him and Dr Bunting: Dr Bunting: 'What do you give?' Mr Sands: 'What you please.' (Hear, hear.) Dr Buntings: 'That answer places me in rather a difficult situation. Shall I say £1,000?' Mr Sands. 'If you please.' (Hear, hear) Mr Sands afterward increased it to one thousand guineas. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States intend to celebrate the centenary in a similar manner with their brethren in the old country. They do not expect to raise so large a sum, yet the church fondly hopes to raise a sufficient sum to build a mission house in this city.—[New York Commercial.

## OBITUARY.

*For the Register and Observer.*

Died in Boxford, Stephen Symonds Esq. of New York 32, and Miss Maria Symonds, 34.

The grief occasioned by the death of Mr Symonds is not confined to the family circle, and those few surrounding friends whose privilege it is to mingle their tears with those of his afflicted relatives—but as the intelligence reaches the distant home of his adoption, it is felt and deeply too, by many, who knowing and loving his virtues, had cherished the hope that the health he sought in leaving them would be restored to him, and he would be permitted to return and pursue the path of usefulness upon which he had entered with so much, both of promise and success. But Heaven had destined otherwise. His path on earth has closed—but a brighter was before him, and he felt willing to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, that he might enter upon it, free from those mortal habiliments, which had here weighed down his soul, and hindered its advancement.

He early manifested an uncommon thirst for knowledge—and untiring zeal in its acquisition. This determined his friends to encourage and assist him in his efforts to obtain a liberal education. With increased means for its gratification, his desire for improvement seems to have increased,—and he drank eagerly from every source of information which the institution of which he was a member, placed within his reach. The profession of law became his choice—and in the pursuit of that knowledge which is requisite for useful and successful practice, he exhibited an intensity of purpose, which few have equalled, perhaps none excelled. After he entered upon the active duties of his profession, his career was short—but long enough to prove that he carried into public, that high tone of moral feeling, which had influenced his conduct in private life—that distinguished as were his intellectual, his moral qualifications fell not below them—that he was governed in all his intercourse with his fellow-men by principles too firm to be swerved from the path of rectitude by the hope of pecuniary gain or popular applause. The high hopes which his friends had cherished for so many years seemed on the verge of realization when symptons of that insidious disease appeared, which finally terminated his earthly existence. He sought the home and scenes of his childhood with the expectation that their sweet influences would reanimate his failing strength, and enable his constitution to cast off the destroyer, which had fastened itself upon him. But in vain. Not all the tender assiduities of friends—nor the prayers of a fond father or affectionate sisters could avail. With anguish they saw the rapid approach of death—yet they had the consolation of seeing their beloved son and brother view it, not as a 'grim tyrant' sent to terminate his joys,—but as a messenger of love, commissioned to bear him to the arms of a Heavenly Father. As they gathered around his bedside to receive his last embrace, his eye rested on *one* whose wan countenance, and emaciated form betokened her journey on earth almost completed. With accents of love he whispered, 'Weep not—*we* part but for a *short* time.' His prediction is accomplished. He has already welcomed her to those shores to which their Redeemer passed before them. And though her home is no more gladdened with her smile—though the light which her many virtues shed around has departed—and grief deep and poignant pierces the hearts of the bereaved at the recollection of their loss—yet let them not forget that a life spent like hers has the promise of a better which is to come. They will no longer listen to the voice which once counselled with so much wisdom and tenderness—yet they have her example to guide them onward in the path which leads to the fulfilment of every filial, sisterly, and Christian duty. She early professed herself a disciple of Christ—and the meek, quiet and faithful discharge of every duty devolving on her, proved that she had drank deeply of the spirit of her Master. To affliction she was not a stranger—pain and sickness were familiar to her—but she repined not. When called upon to relinquish the guiding hand of a mother—and more recently, to say farewell to a loved and only brother—she evinced a spirit of resignation which could only have been acquired by the complete surrender of herself—her desires and affections—to the will of that Being, who orders all events, and in dispensing to each his portion, had awarded to her the cup of sorrow.

'Thou hast gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,'

was the sentiment solemnly chanted forth ere the mortal remains of the brother were committed to the silent tomb.—And we will not deplore him. From the places on earth left vacant by his departure, we will lift our thoughts to those mansions in the skies, where that voice whose melody so often delighted us here, is lending its rich and volumed sweetness to swell the anthems of the redeemed.

And we will not deplore *her*. We will not deplore nor consider as death that 'incident in life' by which her pure spirit was transferred to a more congenial clime, but will strive to acquire that power of faith which will enable us to look beyond the boundaries of earth to those regions of bliss and immortality, which we doubt not, have received her.

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined,
Death cannot chain the immortal mind;
Thou to a fairer land art gone,
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.' R.

## INTELLIGENCE.

*Massachusetts Legislature.*—But little business of general interest has been finished in either branch during the past week. A large number of petitions, most of them relating to slavery and the slave trade, have been presented, and referred to appropriate committees.

The subjects of the license law, capital punishment, bankrupt laws, imprisonment for debt, among others, have been introduced and referred.

A Resolve, fixing the compensation of members of the Legislature and Council, at two Dollars a day, passed the House after a short debate.

The Commissioners of the New York Alms House have recovered from S. C. Johnson the forfeiture of $50 apiece ($500) on the ten paupers brought to this country in the British barque Chieftain.

*Patronage of Literature.*—Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Salem, has received the appointment of Inspector, in the Boston Custom House.—Salem Gazette.

*Texas*—Mr Wilson, a Senator, has been expelled from the Senate by a vote of 10 to 1 for profanity, in invoking the vengeance of God on any one who voted for a certain bill, refusing to come to order when desired, and divulging proceedings he was bound to keep secret. A College is to be established, from funds produced by the sale of public lands.

*The Knights of Malta.*—This celebrated Order will probably be revived, under the protection of the Roman Pontiff and the Emperor Nicholas. It is said that King Otho has granted to the order one of the Islands in the Grecian Archipelago, as an indemnity for the loss of Malta. The cabinet of Vienna also favors the establishment, and Prince Metternich, who is a Knight of Malta, wore the brilliant uniform of the Order during the Coronation at Milan.

The manufacture, diffusion and exposition of licentious and paltry prints defy all calculation, and cannot even be imagined in their amount, distortion and libertinism, unless remarked in the street perambulations of a twelvemonth at least. It is not only in countless books of all prices and sizes, issued and reissued unceasingly, that the art is prostituted, but in millions of separate sheets exhibited every where—on the out side of walls and houses, along the boulevards and quays, in shop windows at every step, and in parlors and bed chambers of private mansions, deemed perfectly respectable. Moral feeling is shocked in the annual displays in the Louvire, at the admission of subjects which are not treated with the professional skill that might be supposed to redeem grossness in the opinion of the official judges. In the windows of the print shops, and other exhibitions for sale, there is a juxta-position of sacred subjects, often the most holy and beautiful, with the most hatefully obscene and stupidly grotesque, which provokes a double disgust and horror. The Police may despair of being able to correct these evils, in any material degree, owing to their extent and familiarity; otherwise, it neglects one of the highest and plainest of its duties. In addition, I have been pained to see how much these Paris products of the most depraved and contemptible kind are spread wherever I have been in France and in the north. They met my eye on every side in the Rhenish provinces and Belgium—religious countries. On Sunday, in the fine Belgic town of Tirlemont, in surveying an extensive annual fair, I found a great quantity of them, and of the worst of the Paris books, or Belgic copies, displayed along with the best, on the stalls of the book and printsellers.—*Parisian Correspondent of the N. Y. American.*

At the sitting of the 24th ult. of the Academy of Sciences, Baron de Humbolt submitted the second section of his *Critical Examination of the History of the Geography of the New Continent*, in which he expatiates, in a poetical vein, on the maritime expeditions of nations. He does not forget 'the brilliant pages of Washington Irving,' but pays a high and merited compliment to your historian of the Voyages of Columbus and his companions. The great traveller remarks: 'The American author conformably to the object and literary nature of his work, avoided, of course, those minute investigations of geography and nautical astronomy to which the dryness of my habitual studies and subjects have long condemned me.' But De Humbolt is never dry, even in his most abstruse inquiries and scientific discussions. He always writes with elegance and imagination, as in this very curious, learned and comprehensive *Critical Examination*. I went to the sitting of the Academy of Sciences on Monday last, for the purpose, chiefly, of contemplating this prodigy of travel and knowledge, whose presence in Paris delights the whole body of *savans*. He has a vigorous frame, a strong physiognomy, an alert firm step, and a courteous, unaffected demeanor. He works every day in the library of the Institution, with the twofold diligence and zeal of a veteran author, and an enthusiast in those recondite researches and brilliant speculations by which he has acquired so much fame and authority. In the new book, he has abundantly proved, as he thinks, that although Columbus was directed in his expedition, by views or notions of positive cosmography, he never had the idea of the New World of America. 'He died in the firm belief, that if he had arrived at a continent, which he supposed to be Cuba, that continent was part of the great empire of Khatai, that is of the Mogul Empire of Northern China. So mighty was the discovery, that he to whom we owe it, could not conceive it, and could anticipate a small portion of the immortal glory with which posterity was to crown his name.'

According to the Baron also, (his conclusion being founded on the most minute investigation and collation of authentic documents,) the first author who published the voyages of *Amerigo Vespucci*, and who, in 1597, expressed the wish to give the name *America* to the new world, was a savant of the city of Saint Die, Department of the Voges, France, of the family of Waldsee Muller, who *hellenized* his German name into *Hylacomylus*. The Department of the Vosges is the southern part of the former provinces of Lorraine; and may now well boast of its geographer *Martinus Hylacomylus*, as he first inscribed on the map the denomination of our continent. The memory of Vespucius is said to be thus vindicated from the imputations of fraud under which it had labored.—M. de Humbolt, contends that his voyage in 1487 is not fictitious, but in reality that of Alonzo de Hojeda; and the second, in 1499, probably that of Yaneiz Pinzon; the chief pilot in both having been Vespucius, who in that capacity wrote the narratives of the two expeditions.


A. U. A.

OFFICE of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, at No. 124 Washington st., opposite School street. 1stf j12

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN, Law Booksellers, No 112 Washington Street, Boston, have just published, "A Digest of Cases adjudicated in the Courts of Admiralty of the United States, and in the High Court of Admiralty in England, together with some topics from the works of Sir Leoline Jenkins, Judge of the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II. By George T. Curtis, of the Suffolk Bar." One vol. 8vo. Pp. 603, with a copious Index.

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In asking for it the patronage of the public it is proper to describe the position which it is intended to occupy, the objects which it will be the aim of the work to promote, and the spirit in which it is to be conducted.

It will be the great object of this publication to furnish religious reading for the *people*; to discuss subjects of religion and morals, and of literature in its religious aspects, in a manner which shall meet the wants of intelligent and inquiring laymen. Whilst it is hoped that its pages will exhibit the results of deep thought and sound learning, care will be taken to avoid an exclusively theological and learned character.

The Miscellany is not designed to be a controversial work. Its exhibitions of truth and duty will, indeed be founded on Unitarian views of Christianity; but, as the community in which it is expected chiefly to circulate has passed beyond the elements of the controversy between Unitarians and their fellow Christians, it will be the object of this work, not so much to defend those opinions, as to treat them in their practical bearings, and to show their power to produce belief of life.

The principal topics to which the pages of this periodical will be devoted, are, Discussions of important and interesting subjects of Christian doctrine and duty;—The philanthropic enterprises of the day;—Religious biography;—Expositions of Scripture;—Illustrations of religious truth by works of fancy and fiction;—Notices of Books;—Spirit of English religious periodicals;—and Intelligence, to which a considerable portion of each number will be scrupulously set apart.

The numbers of the Miscellany will be made up as much as possible in reference to the passing times, and in the adoption and arrangement of articles, brevity, variety and point will be especially aimed at.

The editorial department will be conducted by Rev. C. Palfrey, who has obtained promises of aid from many of the most distinguished clergymen of the Unitarian body, and who will be assisted by contribution from many of our principal literary writers.

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H. W. CARTER—*for the Committee.*
jan. 19.

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## POETRY.

*For the Register and Observer.*

### 'THE CLOUDS RETURN AFTER THE RAIN.'

In childhood, tear-drops freely flow,
While smiles chase back each mimic woe;
We mark glad sunshine, peering through
The mists, which veil our heavenward view,
No clouds return.

In youth, tears gush like summer rain,
Leaving slight trace on flowery plain;
New phantoms still our souls deceive,
Again we hope, again we grieve,
No clouds return.

In manhood, tears more rarely flow,
A few brief drops to human woe;
Then seek we, life's enslaving din,
Red gold to hoard, fresh fame to win,
No clouds return.

In age, the tear-drops slowly fall,
Wrung forth by sorrow's bitterest thrall;
In vain, alas! the ceaseless grief,
The o'erburdened heart wins no relief,
The clouds return.

Gladly our Father-land we greet,
Where severed love and friendship meet;
Where cluster all things pure and fair,
And angel-spirits welcome, where
No clouds return.

A. E.

(From the National Ægis.)

### LINES ON HEARING THE VENERABLE DR. B******* IN PRAYER.

Ah! sure a glory falls from heaven around that hoary head,
Whose locks, upon the placid brow, in silver beauty spread!
Devotion's flame hath lighted up the bright and kindling eye,
Whose earnest gaze doth seem to seek the throne of the MOST HIGH:
The eager hands are lifted up—the swelling tones burst out,
Of the triumphant prayer of Faith that glows unchilled by doubt.

Gaze on that venerable form, and on the tranquil brow,
Ye, who can mock the Christian's hope, nor at his altar bow!
Mark the celestial peace which beams from that benignant face,
Where neither care, nor troubled thought, hath left a single trace!
Behold! nor time, nor grief hath dimm'd the lustre of those eyes,
Which yet have seen, through four-score years, the sun decline and rise.

Nor smoothly passed those years—beloved of the MOST HIGH are they,
Who feel the rod of chastening—yon old man in his day,
Hath drank the cup of sorrow—affliction's pressure known—
And heavy care—and the sharp pangs a parent's heart can own:
Yet firm he stood 'mid ill—with clear, untroubled voice he said,
'*Thy will*, not mine, be done, OH GOD!' and meekly bowed his head.

Calm as when storms have ceased, the sun by no dim clouds opprest,
Declines, in tranquil majesty, below the golden west—
Or "even as the shock of corn that in its season falls,"
He steadfast waits, in ripened years, until his MASTER calls,
And rends before his aged eyes, the awful veil in twain,
Which hides the glories of that world where CHRIST, *our Lord*, shall reign.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

We are so accustomed to regard Dr Watts as a writer of elements, and the mere versifier of David's Psalms, that the higher character of his mind, its poetic elements, its philosophy, and Christian charity are often forgotten in our familiarity with the humbler manifestations of his excellent nature. The loftier traits of his head and heart are expressed in the following lines.

### TRUE LEARNING.

Happy the mind that shining truth has led
With her own hand to seek the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty and all life, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they show lies wrapped in seven-fold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlightened souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us that we knew them not.

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch those curious souls,
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools,
What pageantry of knowing fools,
I feel my powers released, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps all nature in his single hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence
From troops of errors that beseige me round;
But he that rests his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
I'm tired with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tired of seeking thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul a'one, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art;
All nature lovely in her beauty stand;
Creatures before me pass at her command,
And may her single voice teach wisdom to my heart.

Retire my soul, within thyself retire
Away from sense, and every outward show;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now, on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a soul as this;
With eyes unclosed, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Observer.]

### CHEEVER'S LETTERS FROM THEBES.—NO. I.

THEBES, Upper Egypt, 1838.

*Antiquity of Thebes.—Nahum's description.—Extent and position of the city of old.*

THEBES, with its hundred gates, was doubtless, on some accounts, one of the most stupendous, as it was one of the oldest cities of the ancient world. Mr Wilkinson, in his accurate and admirable work on the topography of ancient Thebes, thinks that the city was founded several generations before the era of Menes, the first Egyptian king, and this monarch is supposed to have commenced his reign 2,201 years before Christ, at the time when the kingdom of Assyria was founded by Nimrod. This was two hundred and eighty-one years before Abraham arrived in Egypt, an event which took place 1,920 years before Christ. The earliest monarch whose name exists on the monuments of Thebes, is supposed to have been Osirtesen, the Pharaoh of Scripture, contemporary with Joseph. Thus, in this remarkable region, surrounded by hieroglyphical wonders on every side, in temples for the living and tombs for the dead, the mind of the traveller is carried farther back into the atmosphere of the past than it can be any where else in the world, and he finds himself in connexion with the intelligent remains, whose voice is that of existences so antique and works so wonderful, that even the imagination can scarcely credit them.

The most authentic description of ancient Thebes, and by far the oldest, is that poetical one of the prophet Nahum, iii. 8–10, where in order to give power to 'the burden of Nineveh,' and to impress deeply the belief of its coming desolation, the prophet brings to remembrance the fate of the populous Egyptian city, with all its strength and riches, notwithstanding which it was overthrown and made captive and desolate. 'Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters, round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and whose wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity; her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honorable men, and all her great men were bound in chains.' It has been ignorantly objected against the supposition that the city here referred to is that of Thebes, that the sea is spoken of as its rampart; but it is a singular fact, that the Arabs to this day call the river Nile *El Bahr, the sea*, the very term by which we find it here designated in the Scriptures. This mode of designation among the natives may be a term of pride for the greatness of their beloved stream, or it may have originated in the aspect of its waters during a high inundation, which would give to them the appearance of a sea rather than a river. At any rate, they so designate it, and the fact is an interesting one.

In this passage Nahum seems to speak of the wall of Thebes as extending from the river, which it probably did at each end of the city, and perhaps also ran along the river on each side. On each side the river, the city extended in length about five miles and in breadth on both sides together about three. Mr Wilkinson concludes, partly from the fact that not the slightest trace of the walls or of their foundations is now discoverable, that the city had none, and supposes that the epithet *Hecatompylos*, so often quoted, by which Homer painted and celebrated its magnificence, referred to the gates of the Propylæa of the temples. Two hundred chariots and two hundred horsemen are however said to have issued from each of its hundred gates;

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contains,—
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars;—

A description, which, if taken for any thing more than fiction, could not be referred merely to the temples; and the passage in Nahum would certainly seem to indicate, though not necessarily, the existence both of walls and fortifications. The river, where the city lay, is broad, and flows around too small islands, the course of it being nearly North and South, while the flat alluvial meadows of the Nile extend on each side in some places to the breadth of a mile, or perhaps two miles from the river; and in other places only a quarter of a mile. The city seems to have rested on the bases of the mountains which rise on each side of this alluvial plain; for, where the plain ends, an undulating surface of rock, and of sand from the disintegration of the rock, retreats back in some points a mile in extent to the perpendicular elevation of the mountains. Four miserable villages occupy at this day the sites of the principal temples of the ancient city,—Gornou, Medinet-Habou, Luxor, and Karnak.

After so many ravages of conquering nations, and so long a succession of barbarous centuries, it is astonishing that any monument of the ancient city still remains; nothing does, save the stupendous piles and ruins of its temples. The temples themselves are so distant from one another, and on both sides of the river, that they cannot well be distinguished otherwise than separately, so that the first view of Thebes is almost necessarily that of disappointment. The traveller comes up the river with a floating and confused picture in his mind of vast fields of ruins like those of Tadmor in the desert, and he sees absolutely nothing. The hundred gates disappear, and he is obliged to wander perhaps several miles with a guide, unless he begins on the east side of the river at the temple of Luxor which is close to the shore, before he can find a solitary ruin. But after he has visited them all, and the mind, taking in the great enclosure, surveys the plan, and brings them together in its meditations, the disappointment gives place to unmingled astonishment and admiration; the images of desolation and of grandeur seem again to multiply, and one is led to speak of Thebes and its stupendous remains in such a manner, that the same disappointment must inevitably be produced at first in every mind, which takes its previous impressions, and forms its expectations from such exaggerated praise. Exaggerated it seems, till actual observation and meditation among the great realities has brought them into unity, and raised the mind to that height of enthusiastic feeling, under the influence of which such a description is but the natural picture of the scene. The feeling belongs to the scene just as truly and as sacredly as the pillars of the temples; but no mere description can infuse it into the mind of another; it can be the result only of a meditative mood, an inward imaginative voyage along the kingdoms, continents, and cities of a past world, and amidst the striking history of their grandeur and decay. To witness or describe such a scene without such a feeling would defraud it, would do it injustice; to witness it so, would disarray it of its interest and conceal its beauty from one's own mind,—to describe it so, would obscure and degrade it for the mind of another. It would be like stealing from the sky of Italy or Attica those magic tints, which bathe the whole landscape in a beauty not its own, and transmit it to the eye like a field of Paradise in heaven rather than a scene of earth. Or, I may say, it would be like robbing one of Claude Lorraine's landscapes of its deep and glowing atmosphere, to present it to the eye a meagre outline of hills and trees and valleys.

With all its modern misery and degradation, Egypt cannot cease to be a country of the deepest interest to a reflective mind. 'It may be asserted, perhaps,' says Foster, 'that Egypt surpasses every tract in the world (we know not that Palestine is an exception) in the power of fascinating a contemplative spirit, so long as the contemplation shall dwell exclusively on the ancient scene. By our associations with this region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in the sacred history, the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders.' Surprising indeed are the subjects it offers for reflection,—'the supernatural phenomena, the stupendous constructions, the frowning grandeur, the veiled intelligence, the homage almost to adoration, rendered to death, and the absorption of a nation's living powers in the passion for leaving impregnable monuments, in which, after their brief mortal existence, they should remain memorable forever.'

There are other causes of interest if possible still greater. I have said, *with all its modern misery and degradation;* but in one respect that very degradation is a source of the greatest interest, as showing the complete fulfillment of the prophecies recorded in the Scriptures. Doubtless it is well worth the time, the labor, and the expense of a journey into this country, and a voyage along its mighty ancient river, to witness and realize the accomplishment of such predictions. It is worth a great deal, that vivid sense of the truth of God, which cannot but be impressed anew upon the mind, in the midst of the very theatre of his foretold indignation executed upon a great kingdom. From village to village and from point to point in the valley of the Nile, whether wandering amidst mud hovels and degraded peasantry upon the land, or dragged slowly along by Arab boatmen on the river, the conviction is deepened by every day's experience, that Egypt is indeed '*the basest of kingdoms.*' On the other hand both the grandeur and idolatry of ancient Egypt are attested by those gigantic monuments still scattered over the land, the intelligent witnesses and historians at once of the nation's greatness and depravity.

It was not till after a voyage up the Nile from Cairo of nearly three weeks in duration, that we arrived in the evening at Gornou, on the western side of the river, and found ourselves really on the outskirts of the ancient Thebes. We moored for the night near to an English boat hard by, or a boat inhabited by Englishmen, and engaged an Arab guide to come to us by sunrise in the morning, that we might commence an examination of this interesting region.

Yours truly, G. B. C.

SAD MISTAKE.—The parish of Wilmslow, in England, was thrown recently into a terrible consternation, by the circulation of a report, in the North Cheshire Reformer, that their Pastor, the Rev Mr Morris, had been advocating in Stockport, and urging the inhabitants to petition for, a taxation on wives! The whole village was in an uproar. The females held a consultation, at which the wives said, that if such a tax was levied it would create family quarrels, and the maids justly argued that the chances of marriage would be fearfully increased against them. After which they came to a resolution to proceed to Mr Morris's house. Mr Morris was apprized by one of his friends of the predicament in which he had placed himself, and when he saw the maids and matrons approaching his house his fears were excited, and, securing himself by locks and bolts against the injured fair, he went up stairs and endeavored to appease their wrath by a speech from a chamber window, in which he laid the blame on the printer for his carelessness in making a misprint. The ladies, not knowing anything about a misprint, separated, assuring him of what they would do when they caught him again on his way to Stockport. The misprint was wives for wines.—*Transcript.*

A PROFESSOR IN LITIGATION.

It is not unlikely that we may be entertained before long with a law-suit of a somewhat novel character. The Kings of Hanover and Bavaria, if we may put faith in rumors current in Germany, are at present disputing their respective right and title to a cestain learned professor, and so determined are they to establish their claims that the question is likely to be brought before the tribunals, and eventually the Diet may perhaps be called on to decide. The King of Hanover, as our readers are aware, has got into such bad odor with the learned world, in consequence of his way of dealing with the Gottingen Professors, that he has hitherto found it impossible to prevail on any men of eminence to accept the vacant appointments. At length one Dr. Fuchs (*Anglice* fox) was induced to accept of a call to Gettingen. Foxes, however are naturally a slippery sort of animals to deal with, and Ernest is not the first sportsman that has been thrown off the scent just as he began to feel sure of his game. The Bavarian University had no sooner heard that attempts had been made to entice away their pet fox than they set their learned heads together to devise the means of guarding their academic preserve against the royal poacher. A valuable situation having become vacant at Wurzburg, the King of Bavaria was prevailed on to offer it to the Doctor, as an inducement to remain. The Professor agreed to continue with his friends, and sent off an express to recall his acceptance of the chair at Gottingen, but his second messenger was unable to overtake the first, and did not reach Hanover till after the appearance of the official announcement. The King of Hanover, it seems, is exceedingly annoyed at this *contretemps*, and, as he believes himself by law entitled to the Professor's services, he means, it is said, to take measures to force the learned gentleman to accept the academic honors of Gottingen.—(*London Courier.*)

THE SHOWER BATH.

Corporal punishment has fallen into disrepute, very properly, for instances of extreme cruelty, at which humanity shudders, have arisen from comparatively trifling causes. There is no question that attendant upon this relaxation of the ancient system of correction, occasional traits of insubordination have made their appearance. But the gain, upon the whole, has been on the side of humanity and the true course of amendment.

We have recently heard of a new process of taming the refractory at the House of Correction, which promises to be productive of much good, and which, in one instance at least, as related to us, proved that the end of correctional measures was fully attained.

Honora O'Rourk was a woman of ample dimensions, with the voice of a trumpet, and with the daring of a lioness. She had been sent to the House of Correction during the temporary absence of the master of the House, Capt. Robbins, for some offence or offences not narrated to us, and had there exhibited her contempt of wholesome, restraining regulations. Being a new comer, she presumed upon the immunities of her sex. She held in contempt a storm of words, for she conceived herself to be a match for any one, either for witty retort, or for low Billingsgate. She did not for a moment entertain a suspicion that resort might be had to corporal punishment. It so happened, that a short time before Honora entered upon her term of discipline, a shower bath had been erected, where an application of cold water by the barrel was an easy process. On a certain occasion Honora conducted herself very improperly, and on being admonished to behave better, she used exceedingly insolent language. One of the assistants told her that Captain Robbins would soon be home, and that he would probably take some measures to punish her for her refractory behavior. This she treated with scorn.

On Captain Robbins's return, he asked her what she meant by her disobedience to the rules of the house, and whether she would conduct better in future. She replied, 'Och! to the divil wid ye, Captain Robbins, if that's yer name, an' it's little I'm carin' for't.' 'Take her to the box,' said the master. 'Is it the box?' said the virago, 'Perhaps I'll not be in the wrong box when I gets there.' She was taken to the box, and a barrel of water was prepared for her. It is altogether probable that she never underwent an ablution comparable to this. Down came the water with sudden force, and loud come the voice of the woman with a sudden outcry, but with intervals for breathing. 'Och!—for the love—o' God!—Oh!—murther. Let me out, let me out!' And thus she continued on in her broken ejaculations, while the water continued to pour down. She was taken out of her shower bath, tamed and humbled, and whenever she renews her freaks of insubordination, it is only necessary to say, 'remember the box.'—*Atlas.*

LORD BYRON.—We were conversing one morning with the Earl of S. in the breakfast parlor of W—— House, that abode of elegant and fine hospitality on the eastern shore of Maryland; we expressed to his lordship our regret that Byron had not recovered from his feverish attack at Missolonghi; since there was every probability, that in the career of usefulness which was opening before him, he would have become a better and a wiser man.—'Never,' said his lordship with emphasis; and continuing in his peculiar manner; 'let me give you a notion. How do you suppose Lord Byron was supported during the last years of his life?' We replied, 'on the income of his estate, and from the sale of his work.' 'No such thing,' replied the Earl: 'Lady Byron enjoyed an income from her own estate of about £10,000 a year, one half of which she devoted with the most disinterested benevolence to the support of her unworthy lord.—This is a piece of information upon which you may rely, since I obtained it from the bankers through whom the money passed.'

If this statement be correct—and, considering the highly respectable source from which it is derived, there can be no doubt that it is so—Lord's Byron's character appears in a blacker light than any in which it has hitherto been exhibited.—*Boston Express.*

*Singular Case.*—The recent English papers mention the following singular movement in Ecclesiastical affairs: 'A man named Woolfry—a catholic—of Carisbrook, died and was buried in the church-yard there: his widow placed this inscription on his tomb-stone:

'Pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfry.'
'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.'

For this she was summoned before the Court of Arches, to undergo an Ecclesiastical trial, condemnation of her offence being demanded by the Rector of the parish. The proceedings in that Court are very formal and expensive, and the widow is poor. An informality was discovered in the proceedings and the widow was discharged; and it is intimated that the reverend persecutors were very glad to stop the matter in this way. Sir Herbert Jenner decided, however, that no offence was committed in putting the inscription on the stone, prayers for the dead *not* being prohibited by the Church of England and the law.—*Transcript.*

A Juge de Paix at Dieppe was recently called upon to decide on a singular proces verbal, drawn up by an incorruptible garde champetre against his own wife, whom he surprised gleaning in a field the crop of which had not been gathered in. Notwithstanding that the public prosecutor pronounced the proceedings in the case *immoral* under all the circumstances, the delinquent was condemned to pay a fine of one franc and the costs of the suit, which will, of course, fall to the charge of the stoical husband.

*Musical Tree.*—In the neighborhood of St Quentin stood a remarkable tree from whose roots dull sounds were frequently heard to issue. It had excited much surprise and alarm among the inhabitants of Nanroy and the circumjacent parishes, but the mystery is now unravelled. The enchanted tree is of very strong beech, at the summit of which two branches crossed each other in such a manner, that when the wind blew, a vibration took place, which resounded as far as the roots. By order of the Mayor, the axe has destroyed the charm, and imparted tranquillity to many a troubled spirit.

*Curious Canary Bird.*—The Adelaide Gallery contains, among many other objects to amuse the imagination while they satisfy the judgment, a canary bird, in full feather, of the brightest hue, which speaks or rather sings, most distinctly, even passages so long as 'Come, come, sweet pretty little Dicky—sweet pretty little dear—dear Mary,' &c. We never saw a bird apparently more happy in the display of any accomplishment. The throat is swelled out in the proudest manner, and the little fellow seems to rejoice in his extraordinary talent as if he were a popular lyrist like Meore himself. It is mentioned that the first indication of this faculty, i. e. expressing words, sprang up spontaneously from the bird, which being noticed, encouraged, and cultivated by frequent repetition to him, he soon grew proficient; and it is remarkable that he derives a stimulus to go through his task from the rustling of paper.—*London paper.*

*A wife's advice.*—The value of a wife's advice has in many instances been beyond computation, and, on the contrary, many a poor fellow has found through it an easy avenue to punishment. There is something amusing in the following anecdote:

'Nassreddyn, the Turkish Æsop, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, proposed to carry him fruit. 'Hold,' said he, 'two heads are better than one; I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs.' His wife replied, 'Quinces will please him best, because they are larger and finer.' 'However useful the advice may be,' rejoined Nassreddyn, 'it is never well to follow that of a woman; I am determined to take figs.' When he arrived in the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at his bald head. At every blow, Nassreddyn exclaimed, 'God be praised!' Tamerlane inquired what he meant. 'I am thanking God that I did not follow my wife's advice,' replied Nassreddyn, 'for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should certainly have a broken head.'"

A mammoth cheese, weighing seven hundred pounds, which was presented two years ago by Colonel Meachem of New York to the President of the United States, has been given to the Female Benevolent Society of Washington city, and is now for sale there, for the benefit of the poor.—*Nat. Gaz.*

The Female Radicals of Hull gave Mr Vincent a dinner at the Royal Oak Hotel on Friday. A Mrs Hay was in the chair. After the dinner the chairwoman descanted upon the influence which the women had in society, and their right to use it for political purposes. She called upon every mother to educate her children in thorough Radical principles, and upon the maids to marry none but Radicals.

*Antinomian Doctrine.*—Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudiate D. D. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infestors of every place of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. 'Do you, sir,' asked Rowland, 'hold the 10 commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?' 'Certainly not,' replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, 'John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall.'

*A Band of Heroes.*—The Carlist General, or rather butcher, Cabrera, after the affair of Maella, commanded eighty sergeants of the division of Pardinas to step out of the ranks, and offered them the alternative of being shot or taking service with Don Carlos. 'We prefer dying,' was their reply. Cabrera immediately ordered them to be shot, ten by ten, in the hope that the sight of the execution of their comrades would shake the firmness of the survivors. Every time a platoon of these heroical sergeants was laid to the ground by the balls of his savage band, Cabrera had this terrible question addressed to the next platoon, 'Will you take service for our Lord and King Don Carlos?' and the same answer, 'We prefer dying,' was uniformly returned. The names of these eighty sergeants ought to be written in letters of gold on the front of all the military establishments of Spain.

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2. The Life of Archbishop Cheverus, translated from the French, with a portrait, one vol. 12mo.
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7. Ware's Life of the Savior, fourth edition, 16mo
8. Christian Examiner, No. 91, for March 1839.
9 Home, by Miss Sedgwick, 16th edition.
The above are in press, and shortly will be published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street, opposite School street. j12

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ADDRESS by his Excellency, Edward Everett, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, Sept. 13th, at the Odeon.
A POEM pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, on the evening of its 18th anniversary at the Odeon, by James T. Fields.
Published and for sale this day at TICKNOR'S, j 5 corner of Washington and School sts.

PIERCE'S SOUND.—An Elementary Treatise on Sound, being the second volume of a course of Natural Philosophy, designed for the use of High Schools and Colleges; compiled by Benjamin Peirce, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. One vol. 8 vo. pp. 220.
The New York Review, for January 1839, reviewing the above work, says—
'It is entitled the second volume of a course of Natural Philosophy, but its predecessor has not yet reached us, unless he refer to an excellent Algebra, which we desire to recommend.'——'We have been led to the foregoing remarks by the object and character of the highly valuable addition to science before us. Mr Peirce has bestowed much care and attention on a branch of physics little understood, even by the initiated, and has rendered no trifling service to science, in establishing the laws of acoustics in so clear and masterly a manner. His selection of materials does high honor to his taste and judgement, and he handles the more complex instruments of science with perfect skill and dexterity. As a book of instruction, his compilation is perfect; although it may, in some few points, lie open to criticism, yet it affords an admirable illustration of what a scientific treatise should be.'
Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. jan 5.

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This little work has been reprinted in London and favorably noticed, as will appear from the following extract from the Christian Pioneer (London.)
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